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# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
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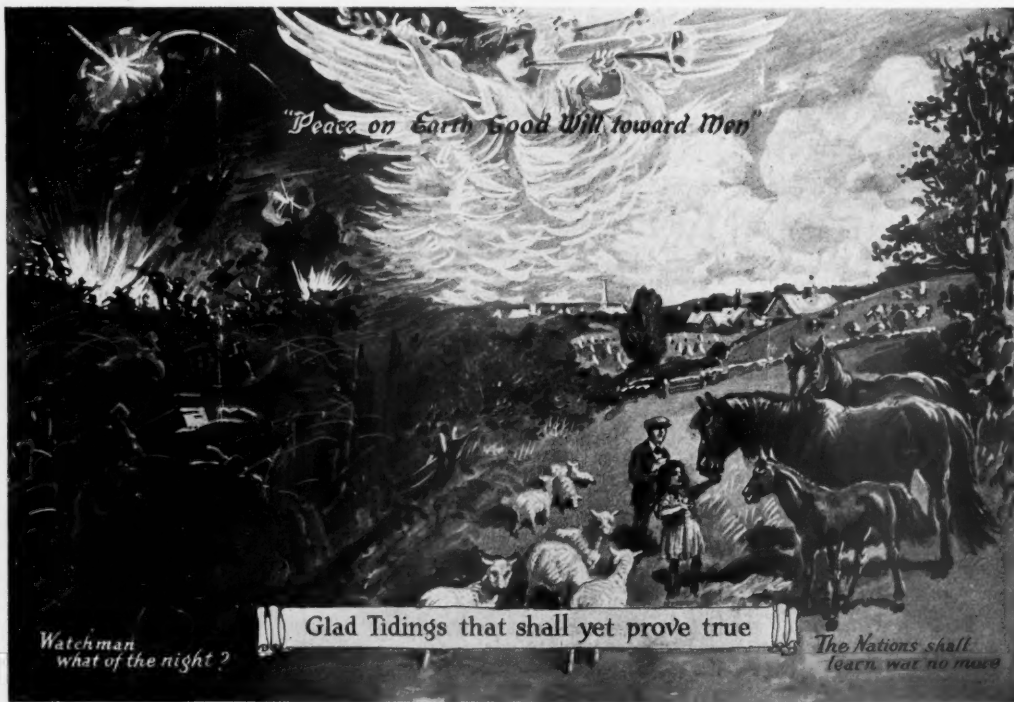
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DECEMBER, 1917

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Watchman  
what of the night?

Glad Tidings that shall yet prove true

The Nations shall  
learn war no more

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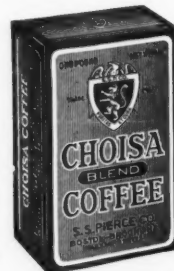
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# Our Dumb Animals

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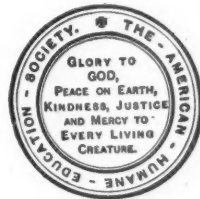
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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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## Glad Tidings that Shall Yet Prove True

LOUELLA C. POOLE

AGAINST the lurid eastern sky,  
Where looms the titan cross of war,  
Where ruthless hate doth crucify  
All that which lies its path before,  
So heavy hangs the awful pall,  
With saddened hearts we greet the Day;  
With questioning lips we feebly call,  
And grope bewildered on our way!

Was it in vain the Christ Child came,  
That still night so long ago—  
The Prince of Peace, O blessed name!—  
To save a sinful world from woe?  
Love was the message that the Star  
Flamed out in gold athwart night's blue;  
And peace on earth,—alas how far  
The straying paths men's feet pursue!

Hush, doubting heart, and question not;  
Love, in the end, must yet prevail—  
The love the Galilean taught  
For man and beast—the strong, the frail!  
More love, more love, for this we pray,  
A keener sense of brotherhood—  
This be the world's best gift today  
From Him, the Giver of all good!

WE may not greet the Christmas of 1917 with the gladness of other years; we can greet it with brave and hopeful hearts.

DARK as our Christmas may seem this year, December 25th would be an inexpressibly darker day but for what Christmas means of hope and promise for the world.

THAT something happened long centuries ago on the plains of Bethlehem that has changed humanity's outlook into the future, no matter how full of gloom its present may seem, few men will deny.

THE sacrifices made for this war, and the spirit with which we have entered it, will be our deliverance from much of the materialism that has justly been charged against us as a people.

YET how slight the sacrifices of those of us who stay at home compared with those who have offered life itself upon fields of battle where not only death may meet them but sufferings beside which speedy death would be a blessing!

IT was eighteen hundred years and more after those blessed feet were nailed for our redemption to the bitter cross before human slavery met its doom. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since that same great hour, and yet many of earth's fairest acres are sodden with the blood of human brothers engaged in mortal combat. But because of that bitter cross and all it stands for war too shall yet be numbered among the things that have passed away.

### THE CHRISTMAS OF 1917

WAS there ever a day in the history of the last nineteen hundred years when so many homes looked forward to Christmas with less of anticipation and joy? In common with all the nations involved in this present war America will find it quite impossible to repeat the customary greeting—"A Merry Christmas." Out of thousands of our homes have gone the noble sons whose early years made for us the Christmas days a time of happiness and cheer. We never dreamed in those past years that the little lads for whom we bought the sleds and skates, and for whom we jingled the sleigh bells the night before Christmas, half waking them from their dreams, would one day be marching over the fields of France facing the cruelties and horrors of the most inhuman war the world has known. To many of us there have come moments when it has almost seemed, as someone has said, that the Infinite Justice had been too long neutral in this war. But such moments do not last. Faith, born of the great Christmas message, reasserts itself and finds refuge in the confidence that "justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne." In one of the darkest days of the Civil War, when Frederick Douglass, addressing a great audience of colored people, gave expression to his hopelessness and despair for the future of his race, old Sojourner Truth rose from her seat, and stretching out her long thin hand cried, "Frederick, is God dead?" We do not wonder that men and women doubt His presence and His goodness. And He too probably does not wonder that faith sometimes breaks under life's inscrutable mysteries. But He is faithful still.

With courage we must await those days that

soon will come when we search the papers for the tidings we fear to see. To train our hearts to face the worst—that is part of our great task. To hide our own fears and send across to those who are "over there" only the word of cheer and hope, this too it is ours to do.

"Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said: The morning cometh."

### THE FOOD PROBLEM

IT is inconceivable to us that any lover of his country can refuse to cooperate with the Government in every attempt to economize in those articles of food we should most carefully conserve. How little the sacrifice for us to reduce our indulgence in meats, fats, and other food products so greatly needed for our soldiers and allies! And yet merchants report hundreds of their customers who seem only intent on laying by in store for their own selfish ends the largest possible supply of the very things we should be most anxious to send abroad. He is a traitor to his country who fails her in this respect as well as the man who deliberately betrays her to her foes.

ALL that is just, humane, and beautiful in life seems all the more attractive today in contrast with the cruelties and wrongs which war is crowding before our eyes.

WE shall be humaner by and by, when this era of barbarism and savagery is over. War has deepened humanity's hate for all things cruel and inhuman.



## THE INSTINCT OF AN ARMY HORSE

C. J. KNITSCH

SOME few years ago in Walbridge, an old Ohio barracks, during the time when Colonel McMacken had charge of the cavalry troops and they were undergoing their regular drill and manœuvering inspection, the Colonel happened to notice a horse which he thought was getting too old for the service. At once he ordered him disposed of to anyone who would pay a fair price for him. After considerable parley he was sold to an old farmer in the nearby village who took a considerable liking to him. They became fast friends, the old man never going anywhere by himself but always taking Bobbin with him. The farmer used him to do only light chores of hauling, his duties being regular and easy. This old animal had virtually settled down to a life of practical ease.

Even though he at one time was the favorite mount of the Colonel, like all of the fatal destinies that eventually overtake us, he was as you might call it now assigned to the ash heap. One day when the cavalry troops were staging a sham battle and inspection review before the Colonel, this old army horse who was just being harnessed to a loaded wagon and was waiting patiently for the old farmer to get aboard, suddenly heard the sound of the bugle call. The familiar notes brought back reminiscences of the past to this grand old charger. He no longer could restrain himself but gave way to his feelings and ran off, with the wagon trailing after him. When he reached the Colonel's line of horses in march, to which he felt he belonged and for whom he had so long and faithfully served, he tried to force himself into line with the rest, wagon and all.

This unusual conduct was noticed by the Colonel, whose noble heart told him at once the true instinct of the brave old army horse, and he at once sought to repurchase him from the farmer, who resisted all proposals to part with the grand old piece of horse flesh. It took a whole lot of pleading before he would give Bobbin back to his regiment, but the old man had Bobbin's future interest at heart and after they had told him how easy the horse would have it from now on he decided to let them have him at a nominal sum. After the Colonel had acquired Bobbin he ordered the men to take him to the finest field of clover they could find, and to make it easy for him for the remainder of his days. The old horse who had served his flag and country so well these many years settled down to enjoy the fruits of past memories, and the reward he had so rightfully earned.

## SAILOR TAKES HORSE'S PART

OUR agent in Bristol County tells us how a sailor dealt with a horse beater recently on one of the streets of New Bedford. After remonstrating with the driver for his treatment of the horse, to which little heed was paid, said sailor proceeded to show that he could not stand by and see a loaded horse getting an unfair deal. In good sailor fashion, by force of arms, he backed up his demands against the man twice his size.

There was an exchange of blows, a clinch, and the two went down, the sailor underneath. But no true sailor is a quitter when he deems his quarrel just. Regaining his feet, he shot a blow straight from the shoulder to the jaw of his burly antagonist. Again they went down, but this time the sailor was on top. The affair was one-sided after this, but there was no more beating of the horse in the presence of the sailor.

## A LESSON FROM THE MANGER

MARIA BRISCOE CROCKER

WHEN *Jesus left His heavenly throne*  
*A babe on earth to be,*  
*He chose a manger for His birth*  
*In great humility.*

*No room might that sweet mother find*  
*In all the crowded inn*  
*For her dear babe, who came to save*  
*The world from death and sin.*

*Ah, chill and bitter was the night!*  
*Sore spent the mother lay*  
*Her holy babe in peaceful rest*  
*Upon a bed of hay.*

*The dumb beasts, with their patient eyes,*  
*Upon Him wondering gazed;*  
*Almost they felt His majesty*  
*And trembled sore amazed.*

*Yet still the tender love they knew*  
*Of Him who nestled there;*  
*And nearer drew in reverence me*  
*Around the blessed pair.*

*Their rugged coats, their warm soft breath,*  
*Brought cheer that chilly night*  
*To Him who lay in lowly guise*  
*Beneath the lantern's light.*

*His baby eyes looked lovingly*  
*On these His creatures kind,*  
*The Prince of David's royal race*  
*No lordly hosts may find.*

*They gave to Him, as still they give*  
*To us, their humble best,*  
*These dumb friends of the gentle Christ—*  
*By burdens sore distressed.*

*Their patient backs still bend beneath*  
*The crushing weight of toil,*  
*Still win for us on countless fields*  
*The blessings of the soil.*

*On gory plains of war they strive*  
*Unmindful of grim fate;*  
*How strong their voiceless woes make plea*  
*To hearts compassionate!*

*All are His own, no sparrow falls*  
*Without His tender care,—*  
*"The cattle on a thousand hills*  
*Are mine," His words declare.*

*So must we love them, as He loves*  
*His creatures great and small,*  
*And loving and remembering find*  
*The Christ in each and all.*



"BEAUTY," A WISCONSIN PONY

## OHIO DOG ENLISTS IN ARMY

MART MANLEY

JUST plain ordinary dog." That's what the casual observer would term "Joe," the big English bull-mastiff, who is off to "do his bit" for Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam's recruiting sergeants are more than ordinary observers, however. That's why they are recruiting sergeants and, incidentally, that's why "Joe" is going to the front with one of the first hospital contingents.

Joe was just a big playful fellow, frolicking around the farmyard near Upper Sandusky, Ohio, when one of those keen-eyed pickers of men saw him.

"That's a fine dog. He ought to make a dandy for Red Cross service," he commented to the corporal who accompanied him. It was only a short time after that when a recruiting meeting was held in Upper Sandusky. The sergeant was there to make a speech. When the crowd cheered the flag, the dog barked his applause.

Then the sergeant made his call for recruits and slowly winding his way through the masses of people the dog made his way to the flag. With barks and pawing he clamored for attention from the sergeant.

"All right, old man," said the officer, "I'll put your name on the honor roll."

"See there," continued the soldier, addressing the crowd, "there's a dog that wants to fight for Uncle Sam."

Then the dog's master, Eugene Thway, came forward and enlisted in the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth United States Infantry. Arrangements were made to have the dog accompany the regiment's hospital company. The government paid \$25 for him.

When the regiment passed through the cities he wore a khaki band around his neck and the red and white cord of the medical service. Attached to the cord was the following note:

"My name is Joe. I enlisted in the hospital corps of this regiment. It's great to be a soldier. I'm nine months old and the boys are teaching me all kinds of stunts. Pretty soon we're going to France and I'm going to catch the Kaiser."

Some day on Europe's shell-torn battlefields, some Sammy may have cause to be thankful that the government bought Joe. For the dog will be used in rescue work and in bringing succor to the wounded.

## A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

A GOOD friend of animals urges that all drivers remember their horses at this season of good will by loosening their checkreins, easing their burdens and treating them with a little extra kindness. The delivery horses who have carried good cheer to so many homes should be especially thought of. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

## DON'T FORGET!

Don't forget that your horse works much harder than you do, and treat him accordingly.

Don't forget on the cold stormy days that he is doing his very best to pull your heavy loads over the snowy, icy streets. Make it as easy for him as you can.

Don't forget that he's a loyal, willing friend who is helping you earn your weekly wage! Treat him as such.

Don't overload your team! Take all the short cuts you can—see that your horse is properly shod and warmly covered!

BE GOOD TO YOUR HORSE—HE DESERVES IT!

## The Mission of the Reindeer by MARY M. DAVIS

**T**HOUGH perhaps most of us, young and old, associate reindeer chiefly with Santa's jingling bells at Christmas time, still there are, besides the dear, familiar, phantom reindeer, the very *real* reindeer who are serving a very real and much needed mission among the people of the far north, among whom Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell works and lives his life of brotherly aid and uplift.

About six years ago Dr. Grenfell imported from Labrador a herd of reindeer, numbering about four hundred which, during their six years in Newfoundland, have increased to somewhere between seven hundred and a thousand. The idea of bringing them from their native Lapland was suggested to Dr. Grenfell by the great abundance of reindeer moss in Newfoundland. The reasons for the experiment are many and far-reaching.

The reindeer are valuable, not only for their rich and delicious milk — which would be a boon indeed to the dwellers of that northern part of Newfoundland in which Dr. Grenfell works — but also are invaluable as beasts of burden. In every way they are as well adapted to the requirements of the north as are the Komatik dogs, which in many ways are an absolute menace to the development of the country.

In winter, especially, the Komatik dogs are dangerously near the verge of plain wolfdom. Always sparingly fed, their sharp appetites lead them to destroy all animal life which might be food for them. Thus, under present conditions, it is impossible for the natives to keep pigs, chickens, or any other domestic animals which, in the absence of the wolfish dogs, would flourish and would add incalculably to the wealth, well-being and resources of their owners. The dogs are far more expensive to feed than are the reindeer, since the deer are capable of finding their own food and the dogs are not. Another argument in favor of the reindeer is their great strength — one deer being able to do easily the work of six or seven sledge dogs. Also, reindeer pelts are of great value, as they can be turned to a great variety of useful ends. The fur is very thick and warm and from it are



NEWFOUNDLAND REINDEER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN JULY

made invaluable rugs, clothing, caps, and boots.

At the time Dr. Grenfell imported the reindeer, he had brought over with them two or three families of Laplanders, with their own Lapland dogs, who from experience understood the needs and habits of the deer. These Laplanders have gradually trained Labrador natives in the proper care of the deer. At present, the deer must be carefully herded to insure their safety from the attacks of the Komatik dogs — an expense to be avoided only by the abolishing of the dogs. In Lapland, there are attacking wolves, and the reindeer are always instinctively on guard against them; in Newfoundland, on the other hand, there are no wolves — a condition of affairs very soon learned by the reindeer who, emboldened by this lack of danger, wander off, thus making it imperative to herd them. The Lapland dogs are invaluable in the care of the reindeer, as they herd them as faithfully and to as good purpose as collies herd their sheep.

Reindeer feed on reindeer moss, which is so much more abundant in Newfoundland than

in Lapland that the deer in their new surroundings are almost twice as large as in Lapland. Although the moss is so abundant, the reindeer are so dainty in the matter of their feeding that they refuse to eat anything that has once been trampled over; thus it is necessary to keep them constantly on the move. Even in winter they are able to paw through the snow and find the moss. In their wild and untrammelled state, they are quite able to forage for their own food; but of course when they are used as beasts of burden, they are treated as such and the extra burden of finding their own food is not put upon them. In such cases, the reindeer moss is gathered and dried and fed to the deer as hay is fed to horses.

As yet, however, little has been done, either in the way of making use of their milk, or in their use as beasts of burden, to replace the Komatik dogs, the prime object having been to let the herd increase. When, for any reason, a deer is milked, it is carefully lassoed from the herd and firmly held by a rope, by one man, while another man milks. The milk, when obtained, is used in the hospital in St. Anthony, where it is of great value, as it is rich, herby, and most deliciously appetizing to the taste.

The reindeer of the Newfoundland herd is larger than our native deer, and of a stocky build. They vary in color and marking, from brown and gray to mottled, or even white. Their horns, when full grown, are large, and the deer's characteristic position is with head lowered, as if he felt the weight of his horns a burden. Their feet are divided, forming two toes which, striking together, make a curious clicking noise as the deer walk.

In summer, the herders live in little portable houses, which they carry from one feeding place to the next, as the herd moves in search of fresh, untrampled moss. In winter, the men have little log cabins in the more inland woods, where the deer find some sustenance from the various growths of trees, aside from the moss, which they paw through the snow to reach. At a distance from all habitation, too, the herds are safer in winter, being farther removed from the ravages of the hungry sledge dogs.

Many residents of Alaska now count their wealth in reindeer, and if Newfoundland would give the same backing to the enterprise that our country has given to it in Alaska, the result would be of inestimable value to the comfort and the progress of the frozen north.



THE IMPORTED REINDEER THRIVE ON NEWFOUNDLAND MOSS

## Junior American Red Cross

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. MACCRACKEN

National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

**T**HE chief principles for which America has stood in entering this war are identical with the interests and ideals of the American Red Cross—Relief, Rescue and Reconstruction. These are the three R's which the Red Cross today brings to the American school.

Every man, woman or child in this country feels the pressure of a great National effort to meet a great National need. Its outward signs are everywhere visible; in the uniforms that crowd the streets, in the headlines of the papers, in Red Cross workrooms, in countless patriotic posters. Everyone feels a personal need for finding his place in the great intelligent machine of patriotism that is working ceaselessly to win the war. It is to help the 22,000,000 school children of the United States to find their place that the Junior Red Cross has been organized.

But, as President Wilson has said, the Junior Red Cross makes no "plea for a temporary enlargement of the school program appropriate merely to the period of the war. It is a plea for a realization in public education of the new emphasis which the war has given to the ideals of democracy and to the broader conception of National life."

The Junior Red Cross will enable its members to contribute directly to the needs of our fighting force and of all the destitute, sick or wounded for which the Red Cross cares; it will also give them training in the highest duties of citizenship: promotion of personal health and efficiency, betterment of community conditions, the inculcation of respect and care for useful and harmless birds and animals, the spread of health education through the country by preventive means, instruction in elementary measures of aid in emergencies, and in home nursing and dietetics, and in the preparation of supplies by those who have time and service to give to aid the destitute, wherever found, in this and other countries,—duties that endure beyond the limits of the war.

The Junior Red Cross Membership is organized under the National Red Cross with a National Director, and its work is carried on in the thirteen Divisions of the American Red Cross. Its plan was formally adopted by the War Council on September 3, 1917, and has received the endorsement of President Wilson, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, the President of the National Education Association, and of the Committee of five appointed by that Association to cooperate with the Red Cross.

Its aim is to mobilize school children and their teachers for Red Cross work through the existing machinery of school organization, or that of other recognized educational centers, in this way giving the child practical expression for his patriotic impulses in the natural center of his life—the school. The Red Cross authorities feel that the school organization should be as independent as possible and that the initiative lies with the school authorities, who should be consulted in the make-up of all committees and whose consent to introduce the Junior Membership in the schools should be obtained as the first step.

The simple machinery adopted to this end is as follows:—Each local Chapter of the Red Cross will receive permission from its Divisional Director to form a Red Cross Chapter School Committee, and to appoint a Treasurer of the School Fund. Any school, or approved educational center, can be created a School Auxiliary by the Chapter School Committee upon payment of its membership dues to the School Fund. The membership dues consist of a sum equal to 25 cents for each pupil, and are to be raised by the school as a whole, not by each child. These dues are required as a pledge of definite service and will be disposed of by the Auxiliary, largely in the purchase of materials for its own work in making supplies. The Chapter School Committee may, at its dis-

cretion, allow the substitution of a pledge of serious support for the membership fee when it is found too onerous, and allow single classes to organize as School Auxiliaries, pending the organization of the entire school.

The activities of the School Auxiliaries may be many: making supplies for hospital use, for the dependent children of Europe, for soldiers in the trenches; studying the development of the Red Cross, the elements of First Aid, Home Nursing and Dietetics; aiding in campaigns with posters and canvassing; raising money by dramatics and entertainments of all kinds; cooperating with the army camps near the schools. There is no single Red Cross activity which does not present some phase that is of interest to the boy or girl at school.

A Manual of Activities is now being prepared which will explain the nature of that work which is not highly standardized. A simple outline will suggest the material for Red Cross instruction, leaving the choice of text books, and methods of instruction and marking, to each school.

In a word, the Junior Membership of the American Red Cross intends to place the ideas of service which are held by the great national organization at the disposition of the community. The records of membership fees, methods and plans of instruction, and control of activities, rest within the discretion and disposition of the Chapter School Committee and the several school Auxiliaries over which they exercise jurisdiction. The supplies alone and the sums of money which may be voted for other Red Cross purposes are to be given to the National Red Cross. We trust that the ideal for which the Junior Membership was founded may be realized, that of bringing the school and the community of which it is the center, by means of the Red Cross, into more intimate relations with the world community.

### THE BEST BIRD MENU

WALTER K. PUTNEY

**I** HAVE often wondered what bird had the best menu, or rather what bird took best advantage of all the different kinds of food that are available. You know, we have birds that will eat smooth caterpillars and yet will not touch hairy ones. We find birds that eat flies and others that do not, and so we may go down through the list, hunting all of the time for the bird that eats the most. I have made up my mind that our little friend, the chipping sparrow, answers the call as well as any, for he is not fussy. When the tent caterpillar is here he takes a few for each meal; when beet worms appear, he enjoys them, apparently, for he hunts them zealously; when grasshoppers come along he tussles with some of the largest and conquers them, even if they do seem quarter as large as he; the pea-louse suffers; the eggs of the parsley butterfly are devoured. Of course he cannot get insects all the year long and so he turns to the various weeds and munches on the seeds. Dandelion seems to be the exception as to the necessity of eating seeds, for the chipping sparrow eats them even when the choicest insect morsels are at hand. As to the other seeds, let me say that "chip" eats ragweed, clover, wood sorrel, lamb's quarters, knotweed, bindweed, purslane, grasses, chickweed, plantain, amaranth, and dock.



THE BRAZILIAN MACAW

### A PICTURESQUE BIRD RESIDENCE

A. M. BARNES

**B**RAZIL is a land of vivid coloring, in the plumage of the birds, in the hues of the flowers, in the gorgeousness of its tropic foliage. Like the Mexicans, the Brazilians are devoted to birds and flowers. The poorest families will have two or three bird-cages, gilded and adorned, in each of which are one or more songsters. A bird lover in Brazil will think nothing of denying himself a meal if, by the self-denial, he can provide seed and cuttle-bone for his favorite songster. Parrots are seen everywhere. A family will often own three to four of them. They are petted and spoiled and given the full liberty of the house. Handsome perches are provided.

The picture is that of a macaw, the favorite pet of a Brazilian family in Petropolis, the summer home of the former emperors of Brazil. Mr. Macaw dwelt in a daintily designed cottage thatched with straw, in the roof-garden of which a profusely flowering vine had been planted and trained to grow artistically down the sides.

WE have received a copy of a beautiful poem, entitled "Christmas and the Dumb Creation," written by Miss Mary Craige Yarrow, who has had the verses translated into Spanish, copies of which may be obtained by writing to her at 1928 No. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.



## CHRISTMAS DUTIES

S. A. WATSON

AT Christmas, when the snow lies deep,  
And bitter winds the valleys sweep;  
When silvery frost shall crown the hill,  
And all the earth is cold and still,  
Remember then His flocks and herds,  
Shelter His cattle, feed His birds.

At Christmas, when the rain comes down,  
And gloomy want pervades the town;  
When hope and charity are rare,  
And all the world is chill with care,  
Remember then His loving words,  
And feed His little human birds.

When food is scant, and hearths are cold,  
Stretch out your hands, and give your gold;  
When Christmas bells their message ring,  
Obey the Universal King:  
To honor Him remember then,  
"Be merciful, O sons of men!"

## A SOLDIER'S DOG

BEATRICE ESTABROOK

IN a tiny French village lived Jacques, a St. Bernard dog. He was greatly beloved by the villagers, but between the dog and his master there was a much stronger bond of affection. Every day, when the men drilled upon the green, Jacques stalked up and down with them, turning when they did, and looking very soldierly.

Soon there came a day of great confusion. Women and children were weeping; men were grave and pale. Jacques' master took him to a friend's house, where the dog was shut up in a room. Before he left, his master put his arms around him and Jacques felt scalding tears falling upon his head. Then the dog was alone.

Jumping upon a chair, Jacques could see the soldiers leaving the village. He whined and barked, but no one came to let him out. Finally, as the last column marched from sight, Jacques gave one frantic bound through the window and tore through the tearful crowd. He overtook the soldiers and sought his master's side. They tried to send him back; they even stoned him, but for four days Jacques followed his master's battery on the march.

Then, on the fifth day, this division of the French army was brought into battle. It was horrible. Jacques was terribly frightened. He saw men and horses shriek and fall. He pressed closer to his master's side. But in the late afternoon somehow they became separated, and as Jacques stooped to drink the spilled water from a dead soldier's canteen, there came suddenly a deafening crash. Flames darted before his eyes. He was hit with a flying piece of iron, and fell. For a long time he lay motionless, then he crawled painfully away, seeking solitude in his death.

It happened—as such things do happen—that he found his master lying upon the ground, mortally wounded, and inexpressibly lonely as death approached. Then the dying man felt a muzzle, soft and warm, creep into his fevered hand. A great furry form snuggled close to him, and with a last effort the master put his arm around his dog, and so they died, together.

That night, as the soldiers were picking up the dead, they found the two friends. And they gave the dog a soldier's funeral with his master and the other dead comrades.

Remember the Be Kind to Animals campaign and endeavor to further it.



"BIDDIE," PURE-BRED MALIMUTE, WHOM JACK LONDON CONSIDERED TYPICALLY IDEAL. SHE HAS BEEN DRAFTED INTO SERVICE FOR THE ALLIES

## Wanted: Pets for the Army by MART MANLEY

SEND us a cake or two if you want to, but for heaven's sake, if you want to please the boys from home, just send us a dog."

That's just a sample of the messages the boys of the new National Army are sending back home. Pets are what they want and pets they must have.

Down on the border when the regulars and national guardsmen were preparing for a brush with the Mexicans, the soldiers collected many varieties of pets, ranging from prairie dogs to burros. Most popular of all, however, were dogs. Many of these dogs were brought north by the soldiers when they returned. These animals still remained as mascots for the companies and when the war call came they were among the first to answer with their barks when the bugle called for service in establishing the rights of democracy.

Only a week or so ago an incident occurred which showed how much the boys in khaki are attached to their pets.

A troop train was moving southward through Tennessee to Camp Sheridan in Montgomery, Alabama, where the Ohio national guardsmen are stationed. The train stopped at a tank for water and the pet of a crack cavalry troop, a little fox terrier, whose pedigree dated back to border service days, leaped from the train to stretch his legs. Two toots of the whistle sounded and the train rolled on its journey southward. Suddenly one of the soldiers noticed a white speck racing madly after the train.

"It's 'Rookie,'" he cried, and immediately there was a clamor for the conductor to stop the train. In vain the troopers pleaded and threatened. The conductor was obdurate. Finally one of the boys said, "Well, we can't go on with-

out 'Rookie.' Who'll volunteer to get off and bring him into camp?"

Almost every man in the company offered his services. One of the boys was chosen, and without hesitancy he leaped from the train, which was moving at a 30-mile-an-hour rate. Down the embankment he rolled, and when his comrades saw him rise, they noticed a decided limp. He waved to them and started back after the dog.

Two days later the members of the company were thinking of reporting the absence of the soldier from camp. They assembled just before "taps" and decided to report on it in the morning. Shortly after midnight joyful yelps resounded down the silent company street. They awakened the sleeping cavalymen. Leaping from their beds, they ran into the street.

"It's 'Rookie,'" they cried, and crowded around to pet their mascot, who responded with low barks of affection. Then their attention was turned to the sorry-looking figure leaning against a tent pole. Grimy and covered with soot, it was the soldier, once a debonair clubman, who had leaped from the train to bring back "Rookie." He had traveled two hundred miles on foot and on freight train, stopping at back doors to ask a bite for himself and his dog.

That's just an illustration of the attachment that grows up between a pet and the boy in khaki. Almost every picture that the boys send home has the pet included in the group.

THE Christmas season is the worst for horses—carry what packages you can and thus spare them unnecessary work and possible fractured limbs by falling on ice-clad streets.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

December, 1917

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### VETERINARY SERVICE IN THE ARMY

ONE of the most interesting of the addresses delivered at the recent annual meeting of the American Humane Association at Providence was that by Major Griffin of the U. S. Veterinary Corps. He outlined with great clearness the organization that is now being perfected whereby this department of the service will be rendered thoroughly efficient. It seems that since the Mexican disturbance the need of this reorganization of the veterinary corps has been keenly felt, with the above result. The Major was particular to say that the Government at present was in no need of outside assistance, and was not asking for any. Should we reach France, and our supplies and equipment to meet the demands fail us there, he said, we shall greatly appreciate additional aid.

The Adjutant General of the Army informs us that veterinary ambulances are contracted for, that veterinary hospitals are under construction at all divisional camps and ports of embarkation, that bandages, drugs, and surgical instruments in large quantities are being accumulated at medical supply depots and are being issued as needed. As to veterinarians, 1667 have been recommended for commission, 579 are on duty, eight to ten are on duty at each divisional camp, and from five to six at each port of embarkation, while there are from six to twelve at each permanent remount depot. Already sixty-two have been sent to France.

The new and thoroughgoing reorganization of this arm of the service, with its provision for the needs that may occur, will be good news to those who are deeply interested in the welfare of our army horses. We have found it hard to believe that, outside of the emergencies liable to arise during the early stages of the war, the Government would not be able to handle the situation.

### HOW TO PICK A HORSE

EDWIN F. GEERS, the famous driver of harness horses, who is now fifty-eight years old, thirty of which have been spent in the development of trotters and pacers, in speaking about the selection of horses for track purposes, says:

"The only way to pick a horse is just the way you would pick a friend. Beauty doesn't count. You look at him square in the face, and if he has a good head, full face, a fine eye, and a good matured ear, he is all right. If he looks like a convict, let him alone."

### FOUR THOUSAND TEACHERS

IT was a great event — four thousand teachers gathered in a single auditorium. What an opportunity for any man with a message! This was the opportunity given the President of our Societies at Bangor, Maine, October 25. It was the state convention of the teachers of Maine, — we were told the largest gathering of teachers held in any State of the Union. The audience was inspiring. Outside the stage, which seats a thousand people, the floor and galleries of the large auditorium were solid full of earnest men and women gathered from all sections of the State.

For forty-five minutes we had the inestimable privilege of talking to these teachers upon "The Wider Humanity." This made possible the discussion of the important subject of humane education. In the hands of the teachers of our public schools lies, more than anywhere else, the responsibility for the training of our youth in those principles of justice, compassion, and good-will without which there can be no worthy citizenship for the future. Our churches and Sunday-schools reach but a part of our millions of boys and girls. It is upon the day school preëminently that we must depend for that kind of citizenship upon which alone an enduring republic can be built.

It was a splendid group of people who paid the speaker the fine compliment of an undivided attention for three-quarters of an hour upon a theme none too popular.

### THE KINDNESS OF A GREAT SCIENTIST

PROFESSOR LEIDY was a celebrated naturalist. A monument has been erected to his memory on City Hall Plaza, Philadelphia. His life illustrated the truth many young men are slow to grasp, that the highest types of intellectual ability and scientific skill are perfectly consistent with the most thoughtful kindness and tenderness toward animals. We have often told these stories of his kindness, which we repeat here in the language of another who wrote them for a Philadelphia paper.

On a certain Saturday he caught some small creatures from the brooks and creeks nearby for observation, and when he was through with them he laid them aside, intending to return them to their native streams. He forgot to do this, and took the train for home. On Saturday morning he thought of them, and from their habits he knew they would not live until Monday unless furnished with water. Car communication with Swarthmore was slow on Sunday at that time, the morning train had gone, so the doctor walked all the way from 1302 Filbert Street to Swarthmore and rescued his prisoners.

On another occasion he collected half a dozen frogs for the purpose of studying their habits under different conditions. He shut these frogs up in a little box for a while, and presently, forgetting all about them, he left his home on some important errand. When he was six blocks away Professor Leidy suddenly remembered the little captives he had left behind, and fearing they might suffocate because of this neglect, he walked back the whole distance and put them into a more comfortable place.

ONE thousand copies of the October and November issues of *Our Dumb Animals* and fifty cloth-bound copies of "Black Beauty" have been given to the soldiers and sailors of the various military camps in New England, to which they were distributed through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A.

### THE GREASED PIG

A FAVORITE form of amusement(?) with certain classes of people at country fairs is the catching of a greased pig. We have several times been asked to attempt to secure a law forbidding such practice. Possibly this might be done were it not that the sport(?), in our judgment, comes under the general statute forbidding all unnecessary suffering. It is difficult to conceive of a number of men attempting to catch a greased pig without inflicting upon it more or less of suffering. We have never failed to be able to stop such an exhibition by warning the managers of the fair or show that any evidence of cruelty would result in a prosecution. The season is probably over for this year when anything of the sort is liable to take place, but should any of our readers at any time know of such so-called amusements as purposed we shall greatly appreciate notification of the same.

### TO THE CREDIT OF HORSE AND OWNER

REV. U. MYERS, of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, attended the Bloomsburg Fair last week for the thirtieth consecutive time. That in itself is not of particular interest, but when we add that he has driven the same horse to the fair each year during that period it is a record of which few, if any, can boast. His steed, said to have been a fast trotter in his day, is now forty-three years old.

### THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" FRIEND

THE following message was sent us to be read at the convention at Providence, but instead of offering it there we publish it in *Our Dumb Animals*, where it will reach a much larger number of humane friends:—

"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES  
FIGHTING FOR ANIMALS"

To all my Humane Friends:—

As the originator of the "Be Kind to Animals" campaign and the "Be Kind to Animals" Week, I wish to express my sincerest gratitude for the fidelity and enthusiasm with which you have furthered what impresses me as one of the greatest humane movements in recent years. The entire Be Kind to Animals idea appears magical, for it seems almost too good to be true, and magnetic, since it has drawn so many friends to the cause.

One of the chief duties of humane workers — to my view — is to make use of the daily and weekly newspapers, to reach those cruel or would-be cruel persons who never heard of an S. P. C. A., or, if so, have no respect or fear of such. Let these people know there are laws for the protection of defenseless animals and birds, and that they never can tell when humane persons — whether members of an S. P. C. A. or officers — will take them to task when witnessing cruelty. Therefore continually, every day in the year, get newspaper space, and more space, and more space yet. Editors are, generally, kindly disposed to aid humane work. Find the most humanely disposed man on the staff of a paper, and use stick-to-it-ive-ness for your articles.

Hoping that the next Be Kind to Animals Week will surpass all others — that your motto from this moment will be: "I will endeavor to make every day hereafter a Be Kind to Animals Day,"

Gratefully and humanely yours,

THE FATHER OF THE "BE KIND TO  
ANIMALS" CAMPAIGN





Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't. Treasurer*

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated .....	804
Animals examined .....	4625
Number of prosecutions .....	25
Number of convictions .....	22
Horses taken from work .....	145
Horses humanely destroyed .....	172
Small animals humanely destroyed .....	284
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined .....	40,914
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed .....	118

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$1150 (on account) from Elizabeth G. Stuart of Hyde Park, \$500 from George W. Moses of Brookline, \$50 from Nahum Godfrey of Easton, and \$25 (additional) from Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams. It has received gifts of \$200 from Mrs. L. N. K., \$100 from E. T., and \$25 from J. F. T.; and, for army and other horse relief, \$100 from Miss C. L. D. "in memory of 'Roany,' the best red roan horse that ever lived," \$50 from E. L. P., and \$25 from Mrs. C. I. T.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Mrs. Robert D. Evans of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$48.10 from the Tioga County Humane Society, \$36.53 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$45.92, interest.

November 13, 1917.

#### MERIT BADGES FOR SCOUTS

THREE Boy Scouts of Springfield, Edward B. Parks, Leslie Cummings and Charles Stewart, will receive merit badges for passing an examination in first aid to animals, the test having been conducted by Dexter A. Atkins, agent of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Dr. Joseph G. M. DeVita of the Angell Animal Hospital has also examined six Greater Boston Boy Scouts.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue      Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

*Chief Veterinarian*

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident*

J. G. M. DeVITA, V.M.D. } *Assistants*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } *Visiting*

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	318	Cases	372
Dogs	196	Dogs	246
Cats	66	Cats	113
Horses	51	Horses	8
Birds	3	Birds	3
Snake	1	Rabbit	1
Monkey	1	Rat	1
Operations	106		
Hospital cases since opening, March 1, 1915			7,201
Free Dispensary cases			9,531
Total			16,732

#### BULLDOG PROTECTS CAT

FROM F. H. Gilpatrick, an agent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Holyoke, we have received this account of the unusual conduct of a bulldog:

"A few days ago my attention was called to a cat which had been run over and its leg badly crushed. When I got there a bulldog had taken it to a place of safety, and when I tried to get the cat the dog drove me away and lay down beside it and licked its leg. It took four people to take the cat away, and when the bulldog found he had lost her his moans were pitiful."

#### IN WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

THE second annual report of the Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society of Woodstock, Vermont, indicates increasing activity by this small but efficient organization, which maintains a rescue branch and an active agent. During the year fifty cases in seven different towns were investigated. A special committee has charge of Band of Mercy work, and \$50 was appropriated for the use of the committee on the care and study of birds.

#### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

#### DOG GRIEVES FOR HER SQUIRREL

SO great love had Fluffy, a Pomeranian, for the gray squirrel she once adopted, after her own puppies died, that she whined and mourned and refused to be comforted when the squirrel was lost.



FLUFFY ADOPTS THE SQUIRREL

Last spring the gray squirrel fell from a tree just as Mrs. S. B. Covey of Austin Street, Cambridge, was passing. Seeing that it had been hurt by its fall she took pity on it and carried it to her home. Great was her surprise when Fluffy adopted the little waif and bestowed all the affection and attention upon him of a true and loving mother. After nursing him through the babyhood stage she followed him about and seemed lost without his companionship.

Last fall the squirrel was taken to a camp near Lawrence, about twenty-five miles from home. Here dog and squirrel became separated and the squirrel lost. A few weeks afterwards when Mrs. Covey returned home and told of the loss of the squirrel, neighbors informed her that the little animal had been seen trying to climb into one of the windows of the Covey house. But the squirrel is still missing, though a reward has been offered for his return. Should anyone, after reading this account, know of the whereabouts of the squirrel or be able to identify him and restore him to his home, he may be assured that there will be a happy reunion between dog and squirrel.

#### PRIZE CONTEST CLOSING SOON

THE American Humane Education Society offers cash prizes amounting to \$37.50 for the four new Bands of Mercy which report the largest number of new members, in Orphan Homes, Schools of Correction, Reformatories, and similar institutions for children, the regular week-day and Sunday schools not being eligible in this contest.

The Bands must be named "Be Kind to Animals" Bands of Mercy, and be reported not later than December 15, 1917, when the contest will close.

To the Band having the largest number of new members, \$15 will be given.

To the second largest Band, \$10.

To the third largest Band, \$7.50.

To the fourth largest Band, \$5.

Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, where full information about organizing Bands of Mercy may be obtained free.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889.

**RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A.**

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
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Bands of Mercy en Europe . . . . . Switzerland

**Field Workers of the Society**

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. D. Bryan, Richmond, Virginia  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

**NEW HUMANE CALENDAR**

THE American Humane Education Society's Humane Calendar for 1918 will consist of a card, 11 x 13½ inches, with an attractive picture, and separate leaves for each month with appropriate short selections on the care of animals. This material has been carefully compiled with a view to use in the schoolroom. The price of single copies, post-paid, is TEN CENTS. In quantities of one hundred or more, the price will be SIX CENTS net, transportation extra. We can supply a limited quantity to local societies, with their own imprint and the names of their officers, as follows: 100, special printing, \$8.00; 300, special printing, \$18.00; 500, special printing, \$28.00; transportation extra. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## The National Convention

OVER two hundred delegates and many visitors attended the forty-first annual meeting of the American Humane Association, held in Providence, R. I., October 15 to 18, last. The sessions opened Monday morning at the Narragansett Hotel, with addresses of welcome by Mayor Joseph H. Gainer and representatives of the Governor and the Chamber of Commerce, followed by the annual address of the president, Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, who stated that there are a larger number of active anti-cruelty societies in the United States than there were last year. "We have never had more vital and useful humane organizations than today," he affirmed.

Discussions followed on the subjects of "Killing Animals by Electricity," introduced by Huntington Smith of the Animal Rescue League, Boston; "Constructive Humane Work," presented by H. Clay Preston, manager of the S. P. C. A., Buffalo; "Suggestions for Celebrating Be Kind to Animals Week," by Guy Richardson, Boston; and "Little Thoughts—Little Words—Big Deeds," by W. F. Crall, president of the S. P. C. A., Norfolk, Virginia.

The afternoon was given up to recreation, members of the reception committee personally conducting the delegates on a most interesting walk through the historic section of Providence, with visits to the museums of the Rhode Island School of Design and the Rhode Island Historical Society and to the principal buildings of Brown University.

In the evening, from 7 to 8, an informal reception was given, after which one of the principal meetings of the entire convention was held. There were four addresses—the first on "The Advancement of the Anti-cruelty to Animals' Sentiment in the Last Fifty Years," by Hon. Addison P. Monroe, president of the Rhode Island S. P. C. A., who gave statistics of the work being done in that State and told of the progress of legislation in behalf of animals. President Francis H. Rowley of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. then spoke of "The Wider Humanity," inspiring his hearers to great enthusiasm as he eloquently pointed out the far-reaching benefits to humanity of the work done by humane societies. Frederick L. Dutcher, attorney for the Humane Society, Rochester, New York, then discussed "Special Dog License Laws in their Relation to Sheep and Humane Societies," with particular reference to recent legislation in New York State. The last address was on "The Horse," by the Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina, the colored lecturer of the American Humane Education Society, who holds his audiences with a mastery of wit and eloquence.

At the session Tuesday forenoon, J. Ralph Park of the Animal Rescue League, Pittsburgh, offered "Suggestions for Financing an Anti-cruelty Society"; Mrs. T. H. Bulla, superintendent of humane education, Youngstown, Ohio, described "Junior Humane Conventions," as conducted in that city; and Miss H. G. Bird, treasurer of Red Acre Farm, Stow, Massachusetts, told of effective ways of "Advertising Humane Work"; each topic being open to general discussion in which many speakers participated. The remainder of the session and all of the afternoon meeting were given up to addresses and discussions on the work of the American Red Star Animal Relief. Much attention was given to a very able and instructive address on "How the United States Government Cares for Army Animals," by Gerald E. Griffin, Major United States Veterinary Corps, office of the Surgeon General,

Washington, D. C., who was the special guest of the Association. His remarks form the subject of another article in this issue.

On Tuesday evening a very largely attended meeting for children was held in the Elks' Auditorium, when motion pictures adapted for humane education purposes were exhibited through the courtesy of the following producers: Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Educational Films Corporation, and Besseler Educational Film Co., Special invitations had been issued to the delegates to see "Your Obedient Servant," a three-reel film based on the story of "Black Beauty," but the production proved disappointing to those who hoped this would be worthy of the famous story which inspired it. The scene is changed to America at the time of the Civil War, and the action presents sectional sympathies as well as scenes of cruelty that are too realistic for juvenile audiences. The Royal S. P. C. A. of London contributed a film showing vivid scenes in the hospitals provided by the Society for the British army animals in France. Brief addresses were delivered by Senator Peter G. Gerry of Rhode Island and President Stillman of the Association.

The sessions held Wednesday morning and all day Thursday were devoted to subjects relating to the protection of children, as were the addresses given at the subscription dinner Wednesday evening. On Wednesday afternoon all the delegates were entertained by an automobile ride through the city and to the Sockanossett School for Boys, in the suburb of Howard, where the guests witnessed a splendid military drill by the pupils and had an opportunity to see the varied activities at this reformatory institution.

Several parlors of the hotel were given up to attractive exhibits of literature, contributed by the various organizations, which was freely distributed, and to photographs and placards illustrating their work. Among the largest of these were the display of the American Red Star and that of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Souvenir ribbon "Be Kind to Animals" badges were presented to all by *Our Dumb Animals*.

### HOW ONE BAND CELEBRATED

ONE of the most unique celebrations of the kind ever reported to us was that of the Jefferson County Band of Mercy of Monticello, Florida, which held a parade, followed by exercises on the steps of the Court House, Saturday afternoon, October 13, under the direction of Miss Marie Evans.

Following the Band of Mercy flag in the parade was a representation of "A Dream of the Babes of Slumberland," with impersonations of the king and queen of Slumberland, Peter Pan, Truth, Faith, Hope, Love, Mercy, etc. Public officials, including the mayor, prominent ministers and lawyers, officers of the Woman's Club, teachers of the public schools, and officers of the County Guards marched in the procession.

The exercises included addresses by Mayor Johnson and others, salutes to the United States flag and to the flag of mercy, recitations by many of the children, and a play entitled "The Birds' School," in which twenty different birds were represented by as many boys and girls.

Very attractive and complete programs were issued for the occasion, and we suggest that any who may be contemplating a celebration of this nature write to Miss Evans for a copy and for particulars of the plans.

## PITIFUL

JOHN GALSWORTHY in *The Animals'*  
Friend

WHEN God made man to live his hour,  
And hitch his wagon to a star,  
He made a thing without the power  
To see His creatures as they are.  
He made a masterpiece of will,  
Superb above its mortal lot.  
Invincible by any ill —  
Imagination He forgot!

This man of God, too proud to lie,  
A saint who thinks it shame to sin,  
Yet makes of rainbow butterfly  
A toy through which to stick a pin.  
He bends on Heaven every wish,  
Believes the tale of Kingdom Come,  
And prisons up the golden fish  
In bowl no bigger than a drum.

He who a hero's pathway trod,  
And at injustice burned with rage,  
Goes pinioning the wings of God  
Within a tiny brazen cage.  
And though he withers from remorse  
When he refuses duty's call,  
He cuts the tail off every horse,  
And cares each helpless animal.

No spur to humor doth he want,  
In wil the Earth he overlord,  
Yet drives the hapless elephant  
To clown and tumble on the "boards."  
This man, of every learning chief,  
So wise that he can read the skies,  
Can fail to read the wordless grief  
That haunts a prisoned monkey's eyes.

He preaches "Mercy to the weak,"  
And strives to lengthen human breath,  
But starves the little gaping beak,  
And hunts the timid hare to death.  
He, with a spirit wild as wind,  
The world at liberty would see;  
Yet cannot any reason find  
To set the lameless tiger free.

Such healing victories he wins,  
He drugs away the mother's pangs,  
But sets his god-forsaken gins  
To mangle rabbits with their fangs.  
Devote, he travels all the roads  
To track and vanquish all the pains,  
And yet — the wagon overloads,  
The watch-dog to his barrel chains.

He soars the heavens in his flight,  
To measure Nature's majesty;  
And takes his children to delight  
In captive eagles' tragedy.  
A man in knowledge absolute,  
Who right, and love, and honor woos,  
Yet keeps the pitiful poor brute  
To mope and languish in his Zoos.

You creatures wild, of field and air,  
Keep far from men where'er they go!  
God set no speculation there —  
Alack — We know not what we do!

A HUMANE book of any kind will do a child more good than a rifle as a Christmas gift. Look over the list of books announced in this issue and make your selection. Please send in your order as soon as possible, that there may be no delay in delivery.

## Hagenbeck's Lion

Translated from the French of Pierre Mille by ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

THE lion yawned enormously. He lay sleepless in his cage, muzzle to earth, like a dog sunning himself. But there was no sun, only a strange, tenuous light which he knew would fill his eyes till dawn. The clocks of Stockholm had struck eleven, eleven at night, and the light was still there. The lion turned on his side and yawned again.

He had been born in Hamburg, in an enclosure peopled with artificial palms, with rocks which

"Nothing at all, sir! Only I see that you are not asleep, and I cannot sleep either. There are twelve hundred beasts of us here who cannot sleep. Listen! . . ."

And through the perpetual twilight of the boreal night came the voices of twelve hundred prisoners. They moaned gently, unceasingly; the great beasts as if they were dreaming of love, the birds impatient for a dawn which they expected but which never came.



"IT MUST BE WONDERFUL OUT IN THE WORLD"

had been set in place by men, with brooks which trickled from metal pipes, with streams paved with cement; and his mother had been born there too, under the care of the great German animal-tamer who had brought together in one place wild beasts from every part of the globe. And yet the persistence of this light, this never-dying light, shocked within him some instinct of the fitness of things in nature. In the northern latitude where he had passed his life, there is a moment of twilight, followed by the kind, calm, hospitable night, bringing sleep in her wake. But here in this farther north, nothing remained but the twilight. All that came later was a dawn indefinitely prolonged, a vague dimming of daylight, the interminable setting of a star which refused to leave the horizon; and he was weary of it. He dreamed confusedly of a bright, hot day and a dry, deep night, with no more light than came from twinkling stars, like distant eyes, the invisible eyes of the beasts of Heaven.

He heard a gentle scratching against the bars of the next cage. It was the cage of the American coyote, a cowardly beast, for which he felt the most crushing contempt, because these animals hunt in troops, give out an odor almost as suffocating as the odor of the hyena, and like the hyena, bark instead of roaring. But he was so weary and indifferent that he listened.

The coyote scratched again, humbly, like a courtier at the door of a king.

"What do you want?" said the lion.

"Hippopotamus, rhinoceros, tiger, panther," groaned the coyote, "the tapirs and fennecs, the wingless kiwis of New Zealand, the beautiful aras of Brazil, blue, green and red; they are all suffering!"

"I know," said the lion. "They complain like this every night. It must be wonderful out in the world. The air is full of spring, of the scent of young leaves and flowers. This country seems a wooded region . . . but the woods are not for us. Let us sleep!"

"You say that," sneered the coyote, "because you have eaten. Eating is better than sleeping."

He thrust out his paw between the bars and touched a great bone to which some fragments of flesh still clung. The lion started and laid his foot on the bone with a gesture of sudden energy.

"Oh, I have no use for it!" the coyote protested. "I only pointed at the bone as I spoke. I have eaten, too. My stomach is full. So full that I could find no place in it for anything more. It is not as it was down below — down below where we came from."

The lion growled sullenly.

"Yes," said the coyote, "that is what I was coming to, and you begin to understand. Here the nights are unpleasant because the sky is too bright, but there is food here, there is food! And you remember that there was a long time when we had none! That is why we were sent across the sea; they could feed us no longer. I used to long for the sled-harness straps which my mother stole for me to gnaw on when I was



little, — and free, — when we prowled about the Indian encampments in the famine years."

"And why could they feed us no longer?" asked the lion.

"They have nothing more for themselves," replied the coyote. "I heard the keeper say: 'They need meat, fodder, sugar, and where can I find it? There is nothing to be had. Send them to Denmark, Norway, Sweden. Send them to America, if you can get them there. They will at least have their stomachs filled, then.' America! I should be glad if I might go back there, even without my freedom."

The lion knew only Hamburg and the prisons of men. Every land was a prison to him. So the plans of the keeper left him indifferent.

He gazed gloomily at the horizon, still red in the northwest, while in the northeast the rays of the same sun were already brightening the lake.

"And the keeper," the lion mused, "had he nothing to eat, either?"

"No," the coyote jeered again. "No more than we. I heard him say: 'Wherever they go, they will be better off than we are.' These men gave us nothing because they had nothing for themselves."

"And why should that be?" demanded the lion. "It is strange!"

"I did not understand it very well. Or rather, their words were so strange that I could scarcely believe them. It seems that they went out on the hunt of other men, to the east and to the west; to kill them, I suppose, or perhaps to put them into cages, as they did with us, and enlarge their menagerie. But these men resisted, and even did as our keepers do with us when they undertake to tame us: they kept back the food which they had been supplying them with."

"Do you mean," said the lion, lifting his head, "that their country is like a great cage now, from which they cannot escape, a cage in which they are prisoners, as we are in ours, and that they are suffering from hunger?"

"Yes, I think it is something like that," the coyote affirmed. Then the lion thundered: "If that is so, there is justice on earth, after all!"

#### GALSWORTHY ON SLAUGHTERING

NONE but licensed men shall be employed in or about slaughter-houses.

IF more animals than one are being slaughtered in one slaughter-house at one time they must not be in view of each other.

ALL animals (cattle, calves, sheep, lambs, and pigs) without exception must be stunned or otherwise rendered unconscious before blood is drawn.

ANIMALS awaiting slaughter must be so placed that they cannot see into the slaughter-house, and the doors of the latter must be kept closed while slaughtering is going on.

IF it were true that the present methods of slaughtering animals for food in this country were necessary, if all the suffering they involve were inevitable, I should be the first to say: "Let us shut our eyes! For needless suffering — even to ourselves — is stupid." It is just because this particular suffering is avoidable, and easily avoidable, that one feels we must face the matter if we want to call ourselves a decent people.



#### THE CATS OF CHESTER

MARY HALL LEONARD

ABOUT fourteen miles from Liverpool on the River Dee stands the City of Chester, which was founded by the Romans. It is surrounded by a high wall of old masonry, and contains the celebrated "Rows of Chester," which are arched passageways, higher than the street, through which the sidewalks run. There are also many other peculiar features in this sleepy, antique, and very interesting city.

One of the historic legends of Old Chester is an amusing story relating to cats.

When Napoleon was defeated by the English at Waterloo, in 1815, he was sentenced to exile at the Island of St. Helena where he finally died, May 15, 1821. Just before the ex-Emperor and his escort were embarked at Plymouth — so the story runs — a curious handbill was circulated up and down the old Rows of Chester. It stated, in effect, that the Island of St. Helena had been found to be dreadfully infested with rats; that His Majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith cleared of these obnoxious animals; and that an agent had been appointed to purchase such cats and kittens as could be secured for this purpose. All citizens who had cats that they were willing to sell were invited to bring them to the marketplace where the purchase would be made.

At the time appointed the staid old town of Chester presented a curious appearance. The streets were filled with a hurrying crowd carrying sacks or baskets from which issued fearful noises. As the crowd grew denser and the people jostled against each other the cat concert grew louder. And as the people themselves grew excited by the din, they also grew quarrelsome. At last they dropped their burdens in the effort to extricate themselves and an indiscriminate scrimmage was the result.

Then the boys of Chester, who were as fond of amusement as American boys would be, opened the sacks and baskets, and several thousands of frightened and angry cats rushed squalling and scratching through the streets of the city. The excited citizens opened their windows to see what was the matter, and in rushed the cats, breaking china, overturning furniture and making a general uproar.

Then the people, roused to vengeance, joined in a defensive warfare against the disturbing felines, and in the morning the bodies of some hundreds of cats were floating down the river.

#### ON THE HEARTH-RUG

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

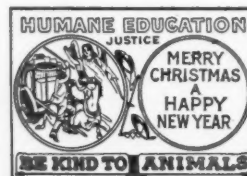
A FLECK on the gray of the hearth-rug,  
A stretching of dainty bronze paws;  
A yawn and a curling together  
In a ball of beautiful floss.  
A glint of the fire that is burning  
With little snaps of flame;  
A glint and the picture is painted  
In lines all fair with fame!

A chill is against the window;  
The bleak flakes float and fall;  
The wind is there to the northward  
With many a mournful call!  
But here in the light of the fire-place  
Where the birch logs throw their gleam,  
Four pretty paws are folded  
In the warmth of a pleasant dream!

He is bright as the gold of Ophir  
With eyes of the moon-stone's shine;  
His coat is fluffy as feathers,  
This blithe bonny darling of mine!  
His spool is there beside him  
Now that his romping is o'er;  
And like a child that is weary  
He lies — asleep — on the floor!

OWING to possible delays in mail because of the war, place your orders as soon as possible for humane books and humane stamps, that they may arrive in due time for the holidays.

#### HUMANE HOLIDAY STAMPS



Christmas and New Year Humane Stamps for packages, letters, etc., printed in colors. Cut shows the exact size. 15 cents per 100; \$1.50 per 1000.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
BOSTON



## Is There a Santa Claus?

**H**OW many times has the question been asked? There was once a little girl whose name was Virginia who sought high authority for an answer to the question. She wrote a letter to Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, saying: "Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?" The famous editor was pleased to tell her the truth. This was his reply, printed in his paper:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

### PRIZES FOR PEACE ESSAYS

**U**NDER the auspices of the American School Peace League, three prizes of \$75, \$50 and \$25 will be given for the best essays written by seniors in normal schools on "The Teaching of Democracy as a Factor in a League of Nations"; and similar prizes will be given for the best essays written by seniors in secondary schools on "How should the World be organized so as to prevent Wars in the Future?" The contest closes March 1, 1918. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Secretary, 405 Marlboro Street, Boston.

### OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Norwood Office: Lenox Street.  
Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

#### TERMS

One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 60 cents. Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States. Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders. All dollar subscriptions sent direct to us entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*  
L. H. GUYOL }

#### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

#### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and fifty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these 281 were in schools of Massachusetts, 92 in schools of Virginia, 67 in schools of Maine, 63 in schools of Ohio, 51 in schools of Texas, 42 in schools of Rhode Island, 41 in schools of Arkansas, 37 each in Kentucky and North Carolina, 30 in schools of Connecticut, two each in New York, Missouri and Minnesota, and one each in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Utah and British Guiana. The numerals indicate the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

**Boston:** St. James, 2; St. Anthony's, 10; St. Joseph's, 8; Woodward, 6; St. John's, 7; Cathedral, 10; Longwood Day, 7.  
**New Bedford:** Betsey B. Winslow, 12; Thomas R. Rodman, 10; Merrimac, 6; Harrington Memorial, 10; Abraham Lincoln, 26; Jereh Swift, 11; Mary B. White, 4; Phillips Ave., 15; James B. Congdon, 16; Katherine St., 22; Robert C. Ingraham, 12.  
**Peabody:** Greek American, 2; Wallis, 13; South, 9; Bowditch, 5; Endicott, 9; Samuel Brown, 6; Felton, 2; Warren, 8; Center, 13; Thomas Carroll, 9.  
**South Hamilton:** Hamilton High, 5; South Grammar, 6.

#### Schools in Maine

**Bath:** Junior Christian Endeavor.  
**Brunswick:** St. John the Baptist, 11.  
**Freeport:** Pleasant Hill; Porters Landing; Mast Landing; Burr.  
**Portland:** Female Orphan Asylum.  
**South Portland:** Broadway, 12; East High St., 4; Pleasant St., 4; Evans St., 2; Willard, 5; Knightville, 4; South Portland Heights, 2; Lagonia, 2; Summer St., 4; Cash Corner, 4; Elm St., 4.  
**Woodfords:** Congregational S. S., 2; Universalist S. S.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

**Coventry:** Rice City.  
**Cranston:** Pippin Orchard.  
**East Providence:** Ellis, 2; Mauran, 5; Brightbridge, 4; James St., 4.  
**Foster:** Hopkins Mills; Ponagansett; Dorrance; Moosup Valley.  
**Glocester:** Washington; Clarkville; Jefferson; Central; Brown; Cherry Valley.  
**North Providence:** Fruit Hill Ave., 2; Greystone, 4; Lymanville, 5.  
**Smithfield:** Esmond, 4.

#### Schools in Connecticut

**Middletown:** St. John's, 14.  
**South Windsor:** Union, 6.  
**Stratford:** Sedgwick, 8.  
**Suffield:** East.  
**Wethersfield:** Southwest.  
**Wilmington, New York:** Wilmington No. 1; Haselton.  
**Hawk Run, Pennsylvania:** No. 6 School.  
**Baltimore, Maryland:** East Baltimore Baptist S. S.

#### Schools in Virginia

**Achilles:** Achilles High, 5.  
**Fox Hill:** High, 4.  
**Gloucester Court House:** Brooksville Graded, 2; Poplars; Ware Neck Graded, 7; High, 3; Smithfield Graded, 3; Bellroi Graded, 2; Claybank Graded; Hayes Store High, 6; Bena Colored.  
**Grafton:** Fish Neck; High, 3.  
**Hampton:** Sample Farm, 2; Buckroe Beach; Bates, 2; Greenbrier Graded, 2; North End Colored, 2; Berry; Emmons Grammar; Emmons Primary; Little Bethel.  
**Poquoson:** Poquoson High, 8.  
**Richmond:** Baker, 10; Navy Hill, 3; Moore, 4; Buchanan, 6.  
**Seaford:** Seaford Graded, 3.  
**Smithville:** Tabb.  
**Waxera:** Waxera Graded, 3.  
**Yorktown:** Graded, 2.

## Bands in Kentucky

Ashland: Oakview No. 6; Oakview No. 5.  
 Catlettsburg: Tri-State; Blue Grass; Longfellow; Riley;  
 Whittier; Joyful; Merry; Oak View.  
 English: English.  
 Nippa: Angell.  
 Normal: Sandy City, 5.  
 Paintsville: Frances Willard; Bona; Martha Washington;  
 George Washington; Red Riding Hood; Bunnie; Ma-  
 donna; Bryant.  
 Prestonsburg: Stanley; Rose; Brighteyed; Flower; Pansy;  
 Robert E. Lee; Francis Marion.  
 Unity: Oakview High School; Oakview, 4.

## Schools in North Carolina

Fletcher: Fletcher Graded, 3.  
 Marion: Marion Graded (White), 10; Marion Graded  
 (Colored), 3.  
 Statesville: Graded, 11; Billingsley Memorial Academy,  
 2; Davie Ave. Public, 5.  
 Weaverville: Graded, 3.

Athens, Georgia: Practice School.

## Schools in Ohio

Greenville: West Side, 4; South Side, 7.  
 Lisbon: Chestnut St., 8; North, 3; East Side, 11; Market  
 St., 7; Lisbon.  
 Cincinnati: Sherman, 22.  
 Duluth, Minnesota: Munger School; Washburn.  
 Kansas City, Missouri: Horace Mann School.  
 Strafford, Missouri: Strafford.  
 Texarkana, Arkansas: Arkansas High, 37; Public School, 4.

## Schools in Texas

Naples: Public, 9.  
 Texarkana: High, 28; Central High, 5; Sunset Public, 4;  
 New Town, 3.  
 Sulphur Springs: Public, 2.  
 Salt Lake City, Utah: Longfellow School.  
 Albanytown, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana:  
 Johnson.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 110,538

## CHRISTMAS TREES FOR HORSES

LAST Christmas Boston and other cities had Christmas trees for the horses. All proved beneficial to the animals and gave humane work the best of publicity. Every active humane society should endeavor to have a Christmas tree this year, thus giving the horses some of the Yule-tide cheer. They certainly deserve it.

## SANTA ON THE WAY

W. H. NESBIT

I CAN hear him singing faintly,  
 As he urges on his deer,  
 And his song is mellowed quaintly,  
 As the measures strike the ear,  
 But the lilt of it is jolly,  
 And the words of it are gay;  
 "Get the mistletoe and holly;  
 I have started on the way."

I can hear the hoof-beats thudding,  
 As the snow is flung behind,  
 While the laden sleigh is scudding  
 With the swiftness of the wind,  
 And the echoes now are flinging  
 Broken murmurs of the song,  
 That old Santa Claus is singing  
 While the reindeer speed along:

"Little fellow, little fellow,  
 While you sit and dream of me,  
 And the marvel of the morning  
 That shall show the wondrous tree,  
 For your trust in all the fancies  
 Of the shadow and the gleam,  
 I am starting on my journey  
 Down the highway of your dream."

## HOLIDAY HUMANE STAMPS

PLEASE place your order for the Humane Stamps with "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" on them, as soon as possible. These stamps can be placed on front of Christmas and New Year cards or on the back of letters and packages, and they will make your Christmas and New Year greetings more cheerful. The coloring adds attractiveness to the stamps. Only 15 cents for 100; \$1.50 for 1000.

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

## THE BIRD STUDY BOOK, T. Gilbert Pearson.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, in whose ranks are many well known ornithologists, offers the best aids both to teachers and students, and others interested in the subject of bird study. This volume, it appears, was prepared by the Secretary of the Audubon Societies for a particular purpose. "It is not intended," says the author, "so much for the advanced student in ornithology as for the beginner. Its purpose is to answer many of the questions that students in this charming field of outdoor study are constantly asking of those more advanced in bird-lore." It is the guide and help for which many educators have been seeking.

How to get acquainted with the birds is the constant objective. To summarize the author: cautiously observe them afield with notebook, field glass and report blanks in hand. Watch them during the nest-building period and later while they share parental cares and labors in bringing up their young. The migratory seasons and winter time present opportunities for studying some of the most interesting phases of bird life.

Other chapters set forth the striking truth about the traffic in feathers, the economic value of birds, and the effect of civilization on the bird supply. A brief history of the bird protective laws and the world's only bird treaty is given, as well as statistics and other information relating to bird reservations and sanctuaries. Sixteen photographs and the many pen and ink illustrations add materially to this most helpful work.

258 pp. \$1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

## STUDIES IN INSECT LIFE, Arthur Everett Shipley, Sc.D., F.R.S.

Those strange little creatures, the bees, living in a complex society and under the most complicated laws, have been the study and the theme of writers since the days of Aristotle. In this volume of essays one finds two fascinating and informing chapters on *Apis*, the honey-bee, and *Bombus*, the humble-bee. "Insects and War" treats of those pests and parasites which affect men at war but which are more controllable in peace, namely, lice, fleas, mosquitos, and biting flies. "The Romance of the Depths of the Sea" presents exceedingly interesting data acquired by a board of scientists who explored the Atlantic and thereby greatly increased the world's knowledge of oceanography. Another chapter relates to Great Britain's sea fisheries, showing how that great industry has operated to the impoverishment of the seas.

The distinguished essayist gives also an account of zoology as understood in Shakespeare's time, and of the revival of science in the seventeenth century. There are, further, some interesting reminiscences of Sir John Murray, the noted oceanographer, and an analytical essay entitled "Hete." With so great a variety of subjects, the book should appeal to a wide range of readers.

332 pp. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

## HUMANE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

DON—HIS RECOLLECTIONS, story of a faithful horse, colored illustration on cover, other illustrations inside . . . \$1.25  
 THE BIRDS OF GOD, interesting anecdotes, colored illustrations, gilt top and decorations . . . \$1.00  
 PRINCE RUDOLF'S QUEST, for young readers, decorated board covers . . . 58 cents  
 THE HUMANE IDEA, Dr. Rowley's brief survey of the rise of the humane movement, attractively bound . . . 25 cents  
 BEAUTIFUL JOE, famous dog story . . . 35 cents  
 ONLY A DOG, OR OUR PET . . . 35 cents

Standard Books at 25 cents each:

BLACK BEAUTY, THE LADY OF THE ROBINS,  
 FOR PITY'S SAKE, THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S, OUR  
 GOLD MINE AT HOLLYTHURST.

American Humane Education Society  
 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston

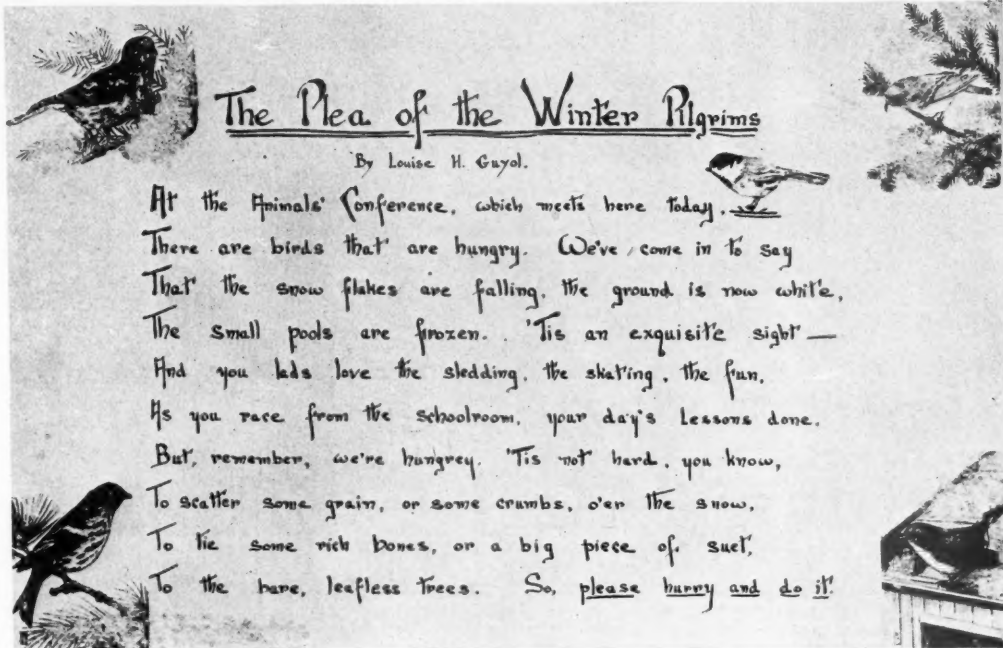
## THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS

WALTER WELLMAN



EACH PACKAGE ON THE TREE IS FOR AN ANIMAL, AND THE NAMES OF THE ANIMALS WILL BE FOUND ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PACKAGES. WHAT ARE THEY?





## The Plea of the Winter Pilgrims

By Louise H. Gayol.

At the Animals' Conference, which meets here today,  
There are birds that are hungry. We've come in to say  
That the snow flakes are falling, the ground is now white,  
The small pools are frozen. 'Tis an exquisite sight—  
And you kids love the sledding, the skating, the fun,  
As you race from the schoolroom, your day's lessons done.  
But, remember, we're hungry. 'Tis not hard, you know,  
To scatter some grain, or some crumbs, o'er the snow,  
To tie some rich bones, or a big piece of suet,  
To the bare, leafless trees. So, please hurry and do it!

Text from Boston Herald. Design by Neta C. Medhurst, Woodward School, Boston

### THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS

LOIS CASH, Downing Street School, Worcester, Mass.

**D**OWNING Street School always helps someone at Christmas. Last year we thought of the poor hungry little birds who could not well get something to eat.

There are about five hundred and forty children in the school and all helped, so the birds must have had a feast. One boy in the sixth grade got a small white pine tree. The boys sawed off the top of a dead tree and set the Christmas tree upon the stump.

The tree was mostly in charge of some of the older boys. It was covered with the things the birds liked best. There were crumbs of bread, crackers, pieces of apple, corn and cranberries, strung on dark-colored strings. Sunflower seed and bird seed were hung on the tree in little baskets.

A bird-house covered with spruce twigs was placed high up in the tree as a shelter for the birds. After it was all trimmed some of the children gathered around it and sang Christmas songs.

It was left standing during the Christmas vacation, and some neighbors living near the school said that they saw birds near it. When we came back we found the Christmas tree on the ground, where it had blown down, but the birds were still feeding.

### TAD LINCOLN'S TURKEY

**O**NE year, a few weeks before Thanksgiving, a friend sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it be served for the President's dinner. Tad took a great fancy to the bird, naming it "Jack," and feeding and petting it. He even taught it to follow him about.

Just before Thanksgiving, while the President was dis-

cussing important business with a cabinet officer, Tad rushed into the room, sobbing with anger. The turkey was about to be killed! And Tad had flown to the President to lay the case before him and save Jack.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten."

"I can't help it," roared Tad, between sobs. "He is a good turkey, and I don't want him killed!"

The President of the United States listened gravely, and then taking a card wrote an order of reprieve.

Tad, seizing the card, rushed away. And the turkey's life was saved.

### THE WILDWOOD CHRISTMAS TREES

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

**T**HE little wildwood people  
Are planning Christmas joys.  
They're just about as happy  
As children with their toys.  
Their Christmas trees stand ready;  
They haven't got to be  
Brought home from out the woodland  
And then dressed up, you see.

Kind Mother Nature trims them  
With jewels bright and rare.  
The little woodland people  
Have not a thought or care.  
They just race round the forest  
And have the greatest fun;  
They have a lot of Christmas trees  
While you have only one.

## Get the Christmas Spirit Early This Year!

December, The Gift-Making Month  
Is Near at Hand

From now on, this great organization, with its two separate buildings, will be in readiness to best serve your holiday needs.

More than ever before early shopping for gifts is advised.

The earlier shopper gets exactly what she wants, and usually saves not merely money, but time, patience and strength.

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Artists' Materials, School Supplies, Kindergarten  
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THE PET-DOG BOARDING DEPARTMENT OF  
THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL will receive  
for board and care pet dogs whose owners desire a  
safe and thoroughly well managed place in which to leave  
them. This department is under the direct oversight of  
the Doctors of the Hospital. For terms and for all other  
information relative to this department, address: The  
MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF  
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Back Bay  
Station, Boston. Telephone, Brookline 6100.

### RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR OCTOBER, 1917

People who give their time, influence, or money to further  
any animal society's work will NEVER feel the sting of  
ingratitude, but will ALWAYS feel the animals' gratitude  
and be remembered in this life and afterwards by friends of  
animals, when ALL others have forgotten them.

Bequests of \$1150 (on account) from Elizabeth G.  
Stuart of Hyde Park, \$500 from George W. Moses of  
Brookline, \$50 from Nahum Godfrey of Easton, and \$25  
(additional) from Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS

Mrs. L. N. K., \$200; E. T., \$100; J. F. T., \$25; sundry  
donations, \$22.91; Misses B. & G., \$17.50; Mrs. M. V. P.,  
\$10; Miss S. U., \$10; Mr. and Mrs. P. A. C., \$10; Mrs.  
M. B. M., \$6; Mrs. L. C. S., \$5; Mrs. A. M. W., \$5;  
Miss M. N., \$5; Miss E. J. T., \$1.50; and, for the Angell  
Memorial Hospital, E. T. P., \$30; sundry donations,  
\$18.35; Mrs. G. B., \$10; L. W. W., \$6.50; Mrs. G. N. T.  
and others, \$6.30; E. S., \$3; S. Pa. B. of M., \$2.47;  
F. U. S. S., \$2.44.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH

C. W. H., Mrs. E. C. M., Miss P. W. F., Mrs. M. J. H. G.,  
Miss C. A., E. C. L., Mrs. C. H. L., Miss J. M. D., Mrs.  
W. P. F., and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, G. M.,  
M. G. M.

#### ONE DOLLAR EACH

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Angell Memorial Hospital, Mrs. J. F., Mrs. O. E. K.,  
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H. F. G., Mrs. S. S., Mrs. N. A. C., Mrs. A. M. P. H.,  
W. P., Miss R. C., C. H. T., Mrs. E. C. S., Mrs. G. W. P.  
Interest and sundries, \$1108.91. Total, \$3391.88.  
The American Humane Education Society, \$750.

#### FOR ARMY AND OTHER HORSE RELIEF

Miss C. L. D., "in memory of Roany, the best red  
roan horse that ever lived," \$100; E. L. P., \$50; Mrs.  
C. I. T., \$25; receipts of sale by E. G. & E. N., \$13; Mrs.  
D. F. H., \$10; Mrs. M. G. Du B., "in loving memory  
of my dear little short-haired cats," \$10; Dr. W. E. K.,  
\$10; A. C. W., \$5; M. A. M., \$5; Mrs. J. K. C., \$5;  
C. B. C., \$5; Mrs. W. F. C. and friends, \$3; Miss S. W. B.,  
\$2; Mrs. E. H., \$2; Miss E. J. T., \$1.50; Mrs. A. J. S., \$1;  
Little bay mare, "Tipperary," \$1; S. A. S., \$1; Dr.  
M. R. L., \$1; Mrs. L. M. P., \$1; Miss V. S. B., \$1; Miss  
C. G. C., \$1; Mrs. M. S. T., \$1.

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D. F. D., W. H. D., M. C. B., V. K. F., L. W. B., Mrs.  
R. B., V. E., Mrs. G. T. B., A. F. W., E. J. F., Rev. A. L. F.,  
A. R. L., Mrs. L. W. C.  
All others, \$9.95. Total, \$151.88.  
Sales of publications, etc., \$1197.12.

### RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDU- CATION SOCIETY FOR OCTOBER, 1917

Tioga Co. H. S., \$48.10; a co-worker for the distribu-  
tion of humane literature, \$36.53; R. I. Hum. Soc.,  
\$12.22; H. F. L., \$8; Mrs. M. P., \$6.65; M. S. W., \$5;  
Mrs. L. G., \$1.20; A. M., \$3; E. K., \$2.50; D., Iowa  
Hum. Soc., \$2.50; P. C., \$2.50; J. H. D., \$2.39; W. E. B.,  
\$2.10; Mrs. A. L. B., \$1.80; Garland Co. H. S., \$1.65;  
E. M. Q., \$1.40; N. H., Okla., \$1.15; Miss D. P., \$1.10;  
C. G., \$1.03; C. M. Y., \$1; F. L. P., \$1; Mrs. J. W., \$1;  
G. M. D., \$1; M. K., \$1; Mrs. C. B. S., \$1; Mrs. A.  
L. P., \$1.

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Interest, \$45.92.

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